

Anchor |Dustin Henderson x Reader x Eleven| by dorkinsas

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Dustin Henderson & Mike Wheeler & Will Byers & Lucas Sinclair & Eleven & Max Mayfield & Reader, Dustin Henderson & Mike Wheeler & Will Byers & Lucas Sinclair & Reader, Dustin Henderson/Reader, Dustin Henderson/Reader/ Eleven|Jane Hopper, Eleven & Reader & Max Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Reader, Steve Harrington & Reader

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Summary:

[Y/N] Harrington. She went missing too. A couple days after Will. This is her story.

Anchor |Dustin Henderson x Reader x Eleven|

“Something is coming. Something hungry for blood. A shadow grows on the wall behind you, swallowing you in darkness. It is almost here.” Mike said, his voice filled with the usual nerdiness that this game brought.

“What is it? What if it's the Demogorgon? Oh, Jesus, we're so screwed if it's the Demogorgon.” Dustin worried.

No matter how much I like him, he still is a baby.

“It's not the Demogorgon.” Lucas told him.

“Yeah, trust us. It's too early for that shit.” I told him, agreeing with Lucas.

Dustin looked at me. “Okay, you're probably right. But we're still screwed!”

“An army of troglodytes charge into the chamber!” Mike put the troglodyte figurine down.

“Troglodytes?” Dustin asked.

“Told ya.” Lucas said, smirking.

“Wait a minute. Did you hear that? That... that sound? Boom boom.” Mike slams against the table. “Boom! That didn't come from the troglodytes. No, that That came from something else.” Mike put the demogorgon figurine down. “The Demogorgon!”

“We're in deep shit.” Dustin said as Will and Lucas groaned.

“I was wronged!” I made my hands into fists in agitation.

“Will, your action!” Mike asked him.

“I don't know!” Will exclaimed.

“Fireball him!” Lucas told him.

"I'd have to roll a 13 or higher!" Will explained.

"Too risky. Cast a protection spell." Dustin told him.

"Don't be a pussy. Fireball him!" Lucas said. Am I even here right now?

"Cast Protection." Dustin told him.

Mike slammed against the table. "The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering! It stomps towards you. Boom!"

"Fireball him!" Lucas exclaimed.

"Another stomp, boom!" Mike slammed against the table.

"Cast Protection." I told him. Let's just get this whole thing over with.

"He roars in anger!" Mike said.

"Fireball!" the die skidded off the table and onto the floor.

"Oh, shit! Look what you did now!" I exclaimed getting up and searching for the stupid dice like with the rest of them.

After a few minutes of searching, Will found it. "Oh, I got it! Does the seven count?"

"It was a seven?" Will nodded. "Did Mike see it?" Will shook his head no. "Then it doesn't count."

"Yo, hey, guys. Does anyone want this?" asked Dustin.

"No." We all chorused before heading upstairs and leaving the house.

"There's something wrong with your sister." Dustin told Mike as he left the room.

"What are you talking about?" asked Mike.

"She's got a stick up her butt." I blame my bad role model brother.

"Yeah. It's because she's been dating that douchebag, Steve

Harrington.” Lucas told him.

“My brother isn’t all that bad, guys. My step-brother is way worse than he is.” Why am I defending my biological brother’s dumbassery?

“Both of you have amazing points, but, yeah, she’s turning into a real jerk.” Dustin told him.

“She’s always been a real jerk.” Mike told him.

“Nuh-uh, she used to be cool. Like that time she dressed up as an elf for our Elder tree campaign.” Dustin told him. Part of me knew he was only arguing for Nancy because he liked her.

“Or that one time she dressed up like a princess for our Fairy Tale themed campaign.” I added.

“Four years ago!” Mike said.

“Just saying.” Dustin said.

“Later.” Lucas said, the boys going in the opposite direction of me.

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“That’s weird. I don’t see him.” Mike said from beside us the next morning.

“I’m telling you, his mom’s right. He probably just went to class early again.” Lucas told him.

“Yeah, he’s always paranoid Gursky’s gonna give him another pop quiz.” Dustin said, trying to reassure our freckled friend.

“Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Step right up and get your tickets for the freak show. Who do you think would make more money in a freak show? Midnight, Frogface, Stepsis, or Toothless?” my stepbrother, Troy Walsh, said, coming up to me and my friends and punching each of us in the arm.

“Why must the two of you be giant assholes to us? I would have thought that a year living in the same house would give you more

perspective on how shitty you two actually are.” I told him. Troy scowled at me.

“I’d go with Toothless.” James Dante said, mocking Dustin and diverting Troy’s awful attention away from me.

“I told you a million times, my teeth are coming in. It’s called cleidocranial dysplasia.” Dustin told him.

“I told you a million times.’ Do the arm thing.” Try mocked him. “Do it, freak!” Dustin made a popping sound with his arm. “God, it gets me every time.”

And they walked away. “Assholes. I still think James has a crush on you, [Y/N].”

“He does not!” I denied. That’s just ew. That’s just entirely barf worthy.

“I think it’s kinda cool.” Mike said. I sent him a huh look. “Dustin’s cleidocranial dysplasia. Not James having a crush on [Y/N]. That’s just ew. It’s like you have superpowers or something. Like Mr. Fantastic.”

“Yeah, except I can’t fight evil with it.” Dustin mused as we walked inside the school.

“Remember, finish chapter 12 and answer 12. 3 on the difference between an experiment and other forms of science investigation. This will be on the test, which will cover chapters 10 through 12. It will be multiple choice with an essay section.” Mr Clarke trailed off as everyone else left the science room.

“So, did it come?” Mike asked, staring at him.

“Sorry, kids. I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but it came.” Mr Clarke said before we ran to the AV room.

“Yes! The Heathkit ham shack. Ain’t she a beaut?” Mr Clarke remarked.

“I bet you can talk to New York on this thing.” Dustin said.

“Think bigger.” Mr Clarke said.

“California?” asked Lucas.

“Bigger.” Mr Clarke said.

“Australia?” asked Mike.

“Oh, man! When Will sees this, he's totally gonna blow his shit.” Lucas exclaimed.

“Lucas!” Mr Clarke scolded him.

“Sorry.” I laughed at my friend.

“Hello, this is Mike Wheeler, president of Hawkins Middle AV Club.” Dustin took the mic from Mike. “What are you doing?” Mike Wheeler laughed.

“Hello, this is Dustin, and this is the treasurer of Hawkins Middle AV Club. Do you eat kangaroos for breakfast?” Dustin said with a horrible Australian accent.

The principal nodded on the door occupied by Jim Hopper, Phill Callaghan, and Calvin Powell. “Sorry to interrupt, but, uh, may I borrow Michael, Lucas and Dustin?” Ah shit.